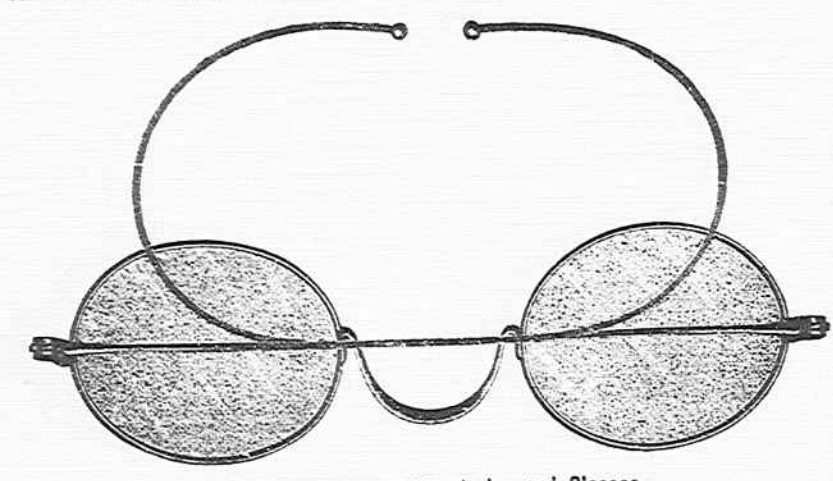


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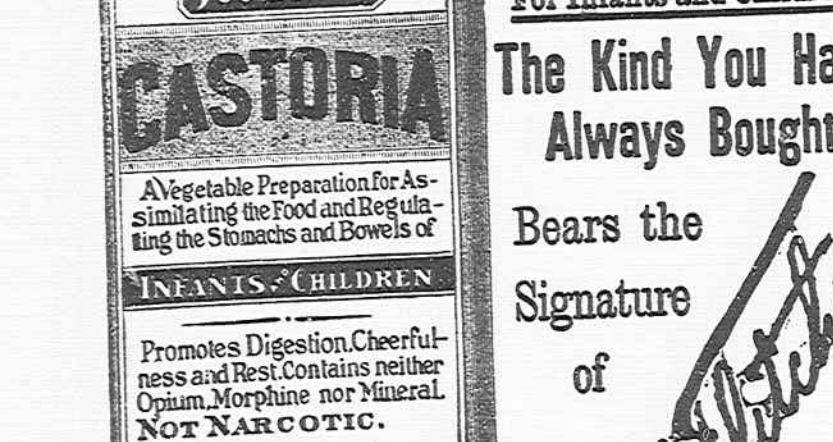
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BOOMVILLE HOMELETS.

(Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.)

Boomville ought to have a fire department. At the present time the only conveniences for fighting the lurid destroyer are a stepladder and an old bucket without a handle. Let us not wake up when it is too late.

We received a call a day or two since from Mr. Sam Norton, who lost a dollar on Main street a few weeks ago and has not recovered it up to date. He may never recover it, but he has the consolation of knowing that the dishonest finder will not go to heaven along with the rest of us.

It now transpires that Mr. John Griscomb's year-old baby did not swallow a pair of scissors, as stated in our last issue. What it got away with was half a dozen tacks and a brass thimble, but the doctor anticipates no malign results. Boomville cherubs have healthy appetites.

The editor of this paper, while on his way to the postoffice the other day, was picked off his feet and thrust head



THE POSITION WAS UNDESIGNED.

first into an empty barrel in front of Strong's grocery. The thruster was Abner Green, who had been drinking and was in a cheerful mood. We trust it may not happen again. The position was undesigned.

We are sorry to say that we missed the item last week about a cow breaking through the Looking Glass river bridge and breaking her leg, but we are in time to announce that it was her left hind leg and that she is owned by Farmer Savage. He thinks he can amputate the leg and save her life.

Among those who remembered the struggling but undaunted editor last week was Mrs. Jason Williams. She brought us in a pound of butter and a basket of potatoes, and could she have seen the tears in our wife's eyes as we carried the luxuries home she would have felt amply rewarded. We love to be an editor, and we love our subscribers.

M. QUAD.

Cruel Christophe.

There seems to have been nothing to appeal to in the "Emperor" Christophe's nature. Bravery, humility, all alike failed to touch him. He had no bowels of mercy. He was one day on the battlements of Haiti with a youth, who, perhaps presuming on past favors, in some manner displeased him. The drop from these sheer walls is 2,000 feet to the plain below. "You are, of course, about to die," said Christophe, "but I will be kind to you. You shall have a choice of deaths. Either you throw yourself over here or the soldiers shall shoot you."

The young man chose to fling himself into space. But by a miracle he fell among some trees or bushes on the cliff side and so escaped with a broken arm. He gathered himself up somehow and presented himself again before the emperor. "Your bidding has been done, sire," he said. "Yes, it has," remarked Christophe, "and I am very much interested to find that you survive. Oblige me by trying if you can do it again."—"Where Black Rules White, Haiti," by Priehard.

A Possible Reason.

Freddie's father had just been struggling with an old fashioned bureau, and retiring disheartened from an unsuccessful effort to open one of its compartments he moved to the window and looking out upon the lowering sky exclaimed:

"It's mighty strange that the weather bureau can't give us a change of weather."

"Maybe," shyly interposed Freddie, "they can't open the bureau drawers."

—Weekly Bouquet.

Advice.

"Young man," said Senator Sorghum, "if you want to succeed in politics never break your word."

"But there are times when it is impossible to keep a promise?"

"To be sure. But you must make your arrangements so that you don't break the promise yourself. Put the blame on somebody else."—Washington Star.

When She Laughed.

In his volume on Ellen Terry Clement Scott tells of a somewhat self-satisfied, vainglorious and grumpy actor who complained that the noted English actress continually laughed in one of his most important scenes. He had not the courage to tell her his objections, so he wrote her a letter of heart-broken complaint, in which he said: "I am extremely sorry to tell you that it is impossible for me to make any effect in such and such a scene if you persist in laughing at me on the stage and so spoiling the situation. May I ask you to change your attitude, as this scene is a most trying one?"

Miss Terry's answer was very direct and to the point, for she wrote: "You are quite mistaken. I never laugh at you on the stage. I wait till I get home."

The Point of His Warning.

"You ain't acquainted around here much, are you?" asked the mountaineer of the man on horseback.

"I reckoned not. I don't believe I'd go down the trail that runs past Abner Gore's shack if I was you. Abner had his horse stole last week."

"But this isn't his horse."

"You don't seem to understand. I ain't accusin' you of stealin his horse. I'm simply intimatin' to you that at present Abner happens to be in need of a horse purty bad. I wouldn't go down that road if I was you."—Indianapolis Sun.

Doubts Salt's Efficacy.

"I notice," said Uncle Allen Sparks, "a couple of our learned professors have found the secret of prolonging life. It is simply to have plenty of salt in the system. If that's the way, I'm not saying it isn't. Let's wife ought to be alive today, which," continued Uncle Allen reflectively, "I believe she is not."—Chicago Tribune.

He Stunned the Porter.

On one occasion Sims Reeves, the famous tenor, was stranded at a country junction waiting for a train. It was cold and miserable, and the singer was naturally not in the best of tempers. While chewing the cud of disappointment an old railway porter who recognized him from the published portraits entered the waiting room.

"Good evening, Mr. Sims Reeves," he said.

"Good evening, my man," replied the vocalist, getting ready the necessary tip. But the man sought for information rather than tips.

"They tell me you earn a heap of money," he remarked.

"Oh," murmured Mr. Reeves.

"And yet," pursued the porter, "you don't work hard. Not so hard as I do, for instance. But I dessey you earn—praps ten times what I do—eh?"

"What do you earn?" asked the singer.

"Eighteen shillings a week all the year round," said the porter.

Sims Reeves opened his chest. "Do, mi—do," he sang, the last note being a ringing tone.

"There, my man, there's your year's salary gone."

The amazed railway man gazed wonderingly at the singer for a full minute. Then, as though his thoughts were "far too deep for words," he silently resumed his prosaic occupation.

—Golden Penny.

Not Strong Enough.

At one of the clubs the other day two members were arguing about will power.

The conceited man, who was in the habit of boring all present with his pointless tales, said that his will was stronger than his friend's.

"You are wrong there," said the quiet man, "and I will prove it in this way: You go and stand in that corner, and I will tell you to come out of it. You will against me, and I bet you that I will have you from that corner before I have commanded you a second time."

The smart one took the bet and put himself in the corner. The quiet man said in a commanding voice:

"Come out of that corner!"

The other grinned and shook his head. The quiet man sat down and looked at him steadily. Five minutes passed, and the man of will said, with a sneer: "Hadin't you better give it up? I don't feel any influence at all, and I can't stand here all the evening."

"There is no hurry," said the quiet man, "and I have a very comfortable seat. There is no time limit except yours, that you are to come out before I ask you twice, and as I don't intend to ask you again until this day week I think you will feel the influence before the end of the evening."

The smart one came out looking very foolish.—London King.

She Waited.

Even a Scotchman cannot always be humorous, if he would. Like other people, however, he is sometimes funny without meaning to be.

The Scottish-American thinks that the message sent by a young man in Peeblesshire to his young bride may have kept her from worrying over his nonappearance, but that she must after have received it with mixed feelings.

The bride elect lived in a village some distance from the home of William, the bridegroom. The wedding was to be at her home. On the eventful day the young man started for the station, but on the way met the village grocer, who talked so entertainingly that William missed his train.

Naturally he was in what is known as a "state of mind." Something must be done and done at once. So he sent the following telegram:

Don't marry till I come. WILLIAM.

If the bride elect knew her William, she probably knew how he felt when he sent the message and forgave the mental confusion which resulted in what she must have looked upon as a needless request.

The Parson and the Skipper.

An old globe circled says that in going around the world there is scarcely one traveler in a hundred who remembers that in going from east to west a day is gained and that in going from west to east a day is lost. Many of those who come into contact with this truth knew all about it when they were at school, but never think of it on the high seas. In illustration of the point he tells this story:

"My first trip around the world was from England to Australia. Out in the middle of the Pacific a sign was put announcing that the date was Thursday, July 17. This was all right, but the next day the same sign was put up again. This was an opportunity for those of us who thought we were real wise to show the ship's officers that they were not infallible. After we had expended our choicest sarcasm and had been rebuffed by various officers the captain sent us straight.

"On my way back one day the card went up announcing that it was Saturday, Aug. 13. The next day the sign said Monday, Aug. 13. Two ministers on board thought the captain had skipped a day to avoid the religious services, but they had prepared. The forces which then that it was a mere coincidence that on that particular date the last day was Sunday. Since then I have never attempted to teach the ship's navigator his business, and he can skip a century if he wishes without my saying a word."—Baltimore Sun.

Surprised by Dickens.

"I vividly recall hearing Charles Dickens read selections from his own writings in Steinway hall, New York city, shortly after the close of our civil war," said a well known judge. "The hall was densely packed with an audience of cultured people, by far the most part of whom were intense admirers of the man who was to entertain that evening. I was a youngster then, but was glad to part with \$2 to hear the author of 'Nicholas Nickleby' read his own lines. But his appearance on the stage, though greeted by applause, was a distinct shock, so thoroughly out of the conventional evening attire of a gentleman. He was clad in a short velvet coat that looked exactly like a smoking jacket, velvet vest to match and a flaming red necktie. Such a garb was in reality an affront and an impertinence to that fashionably clad assembly. But it was overlooked as an eccentricity of genius, and much applause attended the rendition.

"Nowadays the newspapers would roast any man, however famous, for daring to come before the public in such grotesque attire, but I do not recall that any of the New York papers criticized the distinguished visitor for sartorial laxity."—Washington Post.

It is one of the privileges of man to live and learn, but some men seem to live a great deal more than they learn.

—Chicago News.

Six Frightened Lions.

An incident at the Porte St. Martin theater in Paris has become part of the annals of the show business.

The chief feature of the exhibition was a "turn" colored by the casting of a young woman securely bound into a cage of lions heralded as being the fiercest and most bloodthirsty of man eaters.

The woman who had the part of the victim was taken ill, and a substitute was found in the wife of one of the trainers, herself a trainer of some experience, but without any acquaintance with these particular six lions. As she was somewhat nervous she carried a small club ready for use should occasion arise.

Amid the breathless silence of the spectators the ringmaster explained the forcible nature of the woman, and the terrible risk of the woman, and she was thrust in at the cage door. In the excitement of the occasion the door was not securely shut after her.

No sooner was she fairly inside than the six monarchs of the jungle, seeing that a strange person had been forced upon them, raised a chorus of shuddering terror, bolted for the cage door, claved it open and with dragging tails and cringing flanks fled out through a rear entrance and found refuge in a cellar, whence they were dislodged only after great difficulty.

It was a week before the "ferocious man eaters" were sufficiently recovered from their terrors to reappear in public.—McClure's Magazine.

A Splendid Bluff.

Sir Walter Besant is said to have once settled a disputed bill fare in a novel manner. He drove from Piccadilly to some place in the suburbs outside the radius. On getting down he asked the driver three shillings and sixpence, which was a little over the proper fare. The man, however, wanted five shillings. Besant refused.

"I'd like to fight you for it," said the driver.

"The very thing," said Besant, who had never in his life put on a boxing glove and was almost as ignorant as Pickwick even of the fighting attitude.

"The very thing," Captain! We'll have the fight in the back garden.

His brother will look on, hold the stakes and see fair!"

The cabman got down slowly, as if he did not quite care about it after all. He followed into the garden, where there was a lovely bit of green turf. Besant placed the five shillings in his friend's hands, took off his coat and waistcoat and rolled up his sleeves—all with an air of cheerful alacrity.

"Now, my friend," said his anxiety as soon as you are." His anxiety was great.

He saw the cabman's face express successfully all the emotions of bounce, surprise, doubt, hesitation and abject cowardice.

"No, no," he said at last. "Gimme the three and six. I know your tricks, both of you. I've been done this way before."

Broken at the Wheel.

In the diary of that remarkable man, General Patrick Gordon, who left Scotland in 1651 a poor, unfriended wanderer and when he died in 1699 had his eyes closed by the affectionate hands of his sorrowing master, the czar Peter the Great, the following entry is to be found, under date of Hamburg, March 22, 1686:

"This day, a man and a woman, a burger of the town being the woman's master, for murdering, were carted from the prison to the house where the murder was committed; and there before this house, with bottle plinters, the flesh was torn out of their arms, and from thence were carted to the place of justice without the towne, and there broken and layed on wheels."

An instance 50 years later than those quoted at the last reference is recorded in the "Correspondence" of Mr. Joseph Jekyll (Mansfield, 1834). In April, 1770, from the balcony of his lodgings at Orleans, Jekyll saw a criminal broken on the wheel. In a letter to his father (p. 13) he enters minutely into the sickening details, adding that "the crime of the unfortunate creature was burglary, as we learnt from his sentence, which is posted up at every corner of the streets."—Notes and Queries.

Woe! Ignorance.

Farmer—See here, you! You remember putting two lightning rods on my barn last spring, don't you? Well, that barn was struck six weeks after and burned down.

Peddler—Struck by lightning?

"It was."

"In the daytime?"

"No; at night."

"Must 'a' been a dark night, wasn't it?"

"Yes; dark as pitch."

"Lanterns burnin'?"

"What lanterns?"

"Didn't you run lanterns up 'em on dark nights?"

"Never heard of anything like that."

"Well, if you don't know enough to keep your lightning rods showin you needn't blame me. G-lang!"—New York Weekly.

Englishmen in America.

Among Englishmen who come to America a British author, Mr. Vachell, enumerates "the parson's moral, the fortune hunter, the miser, the idiot, the remittance man and the sportsman."

It is a clever and comprehensive catalogue, but it omits one of the types most interesting to Americans—the responsible "younger son" sent to "the States" to seek a fortune he has never been able to find at home or to avoid a maturing crop of wild oats.—New York Herald.

Cards.

Harry—Uncle George, at the end of this marriage notice of Cousin Tom's, "No cards." What does that mean?

Uncle George—It doesn't mean anything, Harry. That is to say, it is only a blind. It is a promise that Tom will give up cards, but, bless you, he won't be a month married before he'll be back to the poker table again.—Exchange.

His Sight Not Offended.

Styles—No, I don't hate to see a woman hanging on to a strap in a street car.

Baron—And so you always give a woman a seat when you have one to give?

Styles—No, I never go quite so far as that. I give my whole attention to my newspaper, you see. In that way my sight is not offended by the poor weary woman.—Boston Transcript.

Sundays and fixed holidays excepted, it is estimated that \$20,000 worth of fish is daily dragged out of the sea by British fishermen.

Her Singing.

Father—You heard my daughter sing last night?

Artist—Yes.

Father—Did you observe the birdlike quality of her notes?

Artist—Ah—er—there are so many kinds of birds, don't you know?—Detroit Free Press.

Watches and Jewelry.

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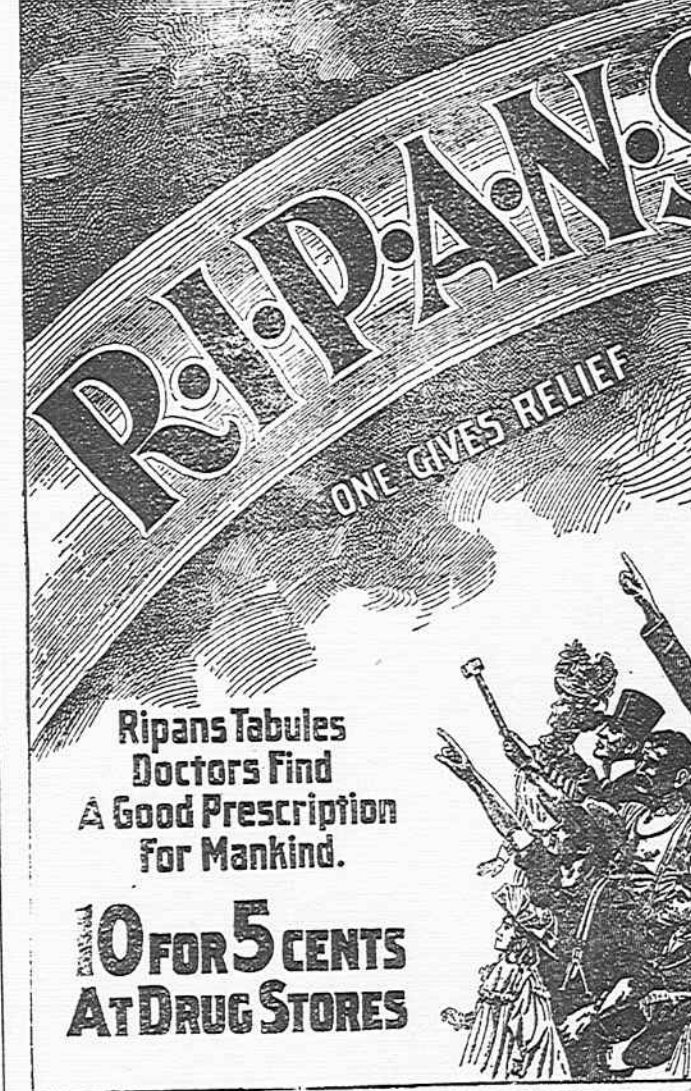
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